

him behaving like a brute, and that you had shot him, and that the quarrel was all my fault because I had not told you everything at once."

"And I," he echoed, "dared to think that you had shot him sooner than have him tell me that miserable story! Give me your hands, Dear. Let me sit quite quietly for a few minutes. I want to realize things."

HER head dropped upon his shoulder. He held both her hands tightly. She breathed a deep sigh of content. Then, after a time, she drew a little away.

"The Duchess!" she faltered. "What has she to say?" Jermyn's face hardened. "I have spoken with her alone," he said. "She was forced to admit the truth. She had only one idea,—she wanted to come between us. It was just a chance, and she took it."

"She cares for you!" Sybil declared. "I knew it all ways. Tell me what happened after the tragedy."

"The people all went away. I took Lucille into an anteroom. I forced the truth from her. Then I came here."

"It was like you to come at once," Sybil murmured. "Bless you for it! But you mustn't stay, must you?"

She glanced at the clock. Jermyn remained silent. His arms tightened a little upon hers.

"Sybil," he said, "you know the truth. Do you want me to go? Do you think it is right that I should leave you?"

Sybil shook her head. "I can't think about it at all, Dear. It is all too complicated and extraordinary. Only you must not leave her alone now."

"Very soon," he continued, "she will be waiting for me at Victoria Station. Whether I go with her or not rests with you, Sybil."

Her hand was suddenly pressed upon his mouth. "She looked at him and smiled. She seemed, indeed, to have grown younger and more childlike."

"Dear Jermyn," she said, "an hour ago I never dreamed that any dream of happiness could come to me today. This is all wonderful. Exactly how life will shape itself for either of us in the future I do not know—do you? But there isn't any doubt about one thing: You must go away now, you must go to her—"

"The ceremony was a trick!" he interrupted. "Never mind," she answered. "She could have done it only for one thing, you know,—because she cared. Besides she bears your name now. Whatever you may decide that you do not owe her, you do at least owe her the protection of your presence and name. You cannot leave her there. You must go away with her just as you had arranged. For the rest, just yet, I cannot think—I cannot think."

"If I go," he cried harshly, "you can't believe that I go save in one way only."

She closed her eyes. "I can't think it all out, Jermyn dear," she went on. "Just at first I know that you will feel like that. I am so thankful, so very thankful, that you and I are a little different from other people. We have fought our fight, haven't we, and come to our own? Whatever happens, I shall never be altogether deprived of your companionship. I know that. You will have your work. You and I will often see it grow together. I shall always hope that I may help. But my place, Jermyn, is very clearly defined, isn't it? There isn't anything in this world now can alter that."

He rose slowly to his feet.

"Ah, no," she begged, stretching out her hands to him, "don't look like that! It is only a little part of you that feels bitter and reproachful. You know yourself that when we are happiest, you and I, we are walking hand in hand in the fairy places, and we can't take the things there that don't belong. You know it so well, Dear. The other things—oh, they are very sweet and very overmastering, and they tempt—yes, they tempt all the time; but you and I are brave. You will help me, and I shall help you. Kiss me, Jermyn."

She gave him her lips. He kissed her tenderly, kissed her eyes, kissed her hands. Still he remained silent. She passed her arm through his and led him to the door.

"Dear," she whispered, "there are many sorts of happiness in the world. For the last few hours I will admit that I have been suffering all the miseries of a jealous, tortured woman. Now you are going away, and you are going away with your wife, and I am feeling happier and lighter hearted than I have felt for

weeks and weeks. There's lots in life yet. You'll write me, won't you? And you won't forget Mary? The best of voyages to you, Jermyn—and, Dear, goodbye! God bless you!"

SHE closed the door just a little abruptly. Jermyn made his way down to his car and drove to Victoria. In front of the bookstall Lucille was standing, with her maid and Lady Florence by her side. Holland came bustling up with the tickets.

"Everything's all right," he declared. "Luggage all in, reserved carriage, and servants close to. Come along."

Lucille passed a handful of magazines to Jermyn. "Please pay for these," she said.

Her tone was quite matter of fact; but her hand was shaking violently. She raised her veil for a moment as they walked out on the platform. Lady Florence was anxious and whispered into her ear; but she only shook her head.

"I felt just a little faint," she admitted. "Jermyn came round the corner rather suddenly. It has been such an extraordinary afternoon, hasn't it? Is this our carriage?"

Jermyn handed her in. The guard himself was standing at the door; a reporter was making notes at a little distance; a photographer took a snapshot of them. Jermyn looked out at it all unmoved. He had shaken hands with Lady Florence and Holland, and was standing up behind Lucille, who held both hands out of the window.

"You'll write to us, Dear?"

"The best of luck, old chap!"

Lucille threw kisses and waved her hand; and as the train glided away. Then she sat back in her place. Jermyn had already taken the opposite seat. Her eyes glowed at him, her lips quivered with earnestness.

"You are coming!"

He looked at her without the slightest change of expression. The fierce inquiry of her eyes remained unanswered. "I am coming," he replied, taking up one of the magazines, "to give you the protection of my name."

To be continued next Sunday

# THE DEMON OF INSOMNIA

Drawings by M. L. Blumenthal

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M. D.

THE most dangerous things about insomnia are the remedies used to club it into insensibility. Nine times out of ten insomnia is likely to be something that should not be clubbed. If we could find out what this something else is, and cure it, the insomnia would take care of itself.

To bludgeon an undernourished set of nerves, an irritated digestive or circulatory apparatus, or an oxygen-starved system with "sleeping powders" or "knockout drops" is not only foolish, but actually criminal.

Because an individual has, before retiring, filled his mind with an exciting romance or his stomach with an indigestible meal, or has stimulated his heart and nervous system with too much tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol, is no reason he should further poison himself with hypnotics or narcotics. For, be it remembered, excessive drinking, smoking, eating, reading, or playing increases blood tension in the arteries, and makes the heart beat more rapidly. And anything that makes the heart beat more rapidly around bedtime is good for insomnia, but bad for its victim.

Some reckless optimists there are who contend that insomnia really has no existence save as a figment of an overactive imagination. They cheerfully dispose of it by asserting that an insomniac is merely a pessimist.

But it is now generally conceded that a pessimist is one who has to live with and listen to an optimist. And the optimist who insists that you were asleep, only you didn't know it, or that you awoke to hear the clock toll off the lingering hours, and then, like Omar Khayyam's wise men, to sleep returned, or that



"Some contend that insomnia is overimagination."

even if you didn't sleep for a few weeks or a few months (it wouldn't matter anyhow), is partly responsible for your pessimism—if you are an insomniac.

SLEEPLESSNESS is a most real and tangible demon to the unfortunate upon whose shoulders, like Sindbad's unwelcome guest, it perches. In fact, there is only one thing that is much worse than insomnia, and that is worrying about it. Frequently the worst sufferers from insomnia are the family and friends of the insomniac, who have to listen to the lugubrious tales of his sleeplessness. Staying awake in a comfortable bed for a few hours at a time o' nights isn't nearly so dangerous as talking and thinking about it all the following day and filling oneself with the auto-suggestion that the performance is going to be repeated. If one could take insomnia calmly, even thankfully, as affording a splendid opportunity for lying awake and think-

ing noble thoughts, the insomniac would promptly get disgusted, pack up, and leave for more promising fields of cussedness. But we are not so constituted. If we have done one of a thousand things we should not have done, or have left undone one of an equal number of things we should have done, and if we lie awake for a few hours, or even an entire night, as a consequence, we immediately start a free-hand worrying spell for fear we shall repeat the procedure the next night. And so greatly do we dread this that we usually do it.

This is the beginning of what might be called "psychic insomnia,"—a condition that has no particular reason for existence beyond its initial mental impulse, aided and abetted by an overfactive imagination. Yet many of our most persistent insomniacs got their start in just this way.

And when insomnia gets firmly established what it can't accomplish in the way of running down a nervous system, paralyzing the mental faculties, "taking the tuck" out of a fellow, or spoiling a woman's good looks, isn't worth accomplishing.

THE real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool insomnia has its origin in a variety of causes. The principal of these is worry,—business, domestic, social, or just plain worry. The cure is ridiculously simple. Merely stop worrying. Most of the philosophers, from Marcus Aurelius to Pastor Wagner,—none of whom probably ever had much to worry about,—have given explicit directions as to methods.

Given sufficient time, the chances are that tired Nature will ultimately reassert itself, drive Carling Case